

HONOUR WITHOUT RENOWN

BY MRS. INNES-BROWN

Author of "Three Daughters of the United Kingdom"

CHAPTER I—CONTINUED

"I will tell you a little of what she said and did, for I can never forget it. First she listened in her own kind way to all I had to say; then taking one of my great rough hands between both her little soft ones, she argued with me so beautifully and so sweetly that, like an old fool, I was so completely bent on my own ground, all I could do was to sink upon the stump of a fallen tree and cry like a child. Then, bless her little heart, I can see her now, it was all so natural-like—she whipped out her own dainty little handkerchief, and while one little hand pressed kindly upon my shoulder, with the other she wiped the great tears from my face; and thanking and praising me as though I had been a dear friend instead of an old servant, she bade me cheer up, and be as true and faithful to her brother and his dear little wife as she had always been to her father, and—'Oh, my dear, my dear, John, says she, 'take care of and love my darling old Leo for me.' That was her St. Bernard dog she meant. Her voice shook when she spoke that last sentence! I began to hope my words were beginning to tell on her. She did feel leaving us then after all! There was a little satisfaction in that anyhow!"

The ground the tallest and proudest of our greenwood monarchs. Inside the kitchen all looked cozy and comfortable. The regular breathing of the old coachman became mixed up with the solemn tick tick of the clock, and the constant bang of the iron as it fell upon its stand. There was a pause now, as the busy tinner dropped her iron more gently than usual into its resting-place, and looked up with a startled, timid gaze, caught her breath in short gasps expressive of fear. Her nerves had suffered undue tension for the past few years and she was easily frightened now. From the outer door strange rough sounds proceeded as though an intruder were determined to force an entrance.

He had been seated, smoking quietly the pipe of peace, for the greater part of an hour, when his attention was attracted by the appearance of an immense dark cloud which was gradually but surely working its way directly over him. At the same time the report of the guns sounded each moment nearer and nearer. "I'm in for a ducking, and so are they," he thought as, rising, he felt the first few drops of heavy rain and recognized Sir Hugh and four of his party emerging from the shelter of the trees and coming towards the lodge.

He fixed a piercing gaze upon the pictures. A sudden spasm of pain appeared to seize him, for his hands shook and his breathing became short and difficult. It seemed to his excited brain that he could recognize the style and hand of the painter here, and in vain he assured himself that they were but fancy pictures and concerned him not.

TO BE CONTINUED

IN AN EASTER DAWN

"Come on now, get out of here. Do you think this bum's lodging house we're keepin'? Chase yourself off somewhere else and be quick about it."

GOOD FRIDAY

BEAUTIFUL CUSTOMS OF VARIOUS COUNTRIES

Some of the most beautiful customs in connection with the ceremonies of the Catholic Church, writes Darley Dale, in the London Catholic Times, are those which take place in various countries on Good Friday. Touching as many of these are, occasionally an element of the grotesque creeps in, which is always associated with Judas Iscariot and the Jews. For instance, in Corfu effigies are made of the traitor on Good Friday, and when the bells ring out on Holy Saturday, they are shot at and then set fire to with fireworks, very much as English boys burn Guy Fawkes on the 5th of November. In Corfu, when the bells ring out again, after the silence during the hours of the Passion observed in all Catholic churches, the whole island seems to go mad with joy. Bells are clashed in the houses as well as in the churches, guns are fired, and crockery is thrown out of the windows. The firing of the guns and the throwing of the china are intended as punishment for Judas Iscariot.

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